This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver Sea,
VVhich ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this Earth this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſervice and true Chivalry,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne *Iury*
Of the worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* ſonne.
This Land of ſuch deare ſoules, this deare deare Land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
VVhoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the envious ſiedge
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
VVith Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah, would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, doe rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Vncle, *Lancaſter*?
Ri. VVhat comfort man? How iſt with aged *Gaunt*?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
VVithin me griefe hath kept a teadious faſt,
And who abſtaines from meate, that is not gaunt:
For ſleeping England long time have I watcht
VVatching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feed upon,

Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane m
And therein faſting, haſt th
Gaunt am I for the grave,
VVhoſe hollow wombe
Rich. Can ſicke men p
Gau. No, miſery makes
Since thou doſt ſeeke to ki
I mocke my name (great
Ric. Should dying men
Gau. No, no, man living
Ric. Thou now a dying,
Gau. O no, thou dyeſt, t
Rich. I am in health I bre
Gau. Now he that made
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and i
Thy death-bed is no leſſer
VVherein thou lyeſt in rep
And thou too careleſſe pa
Commit'ſt thy annoynted
Of thoſe Phyſitions, that
A thouſand flatterers ſit w
VVhoſe compaſſe is no big
And yet encaged in ſo ſma
The waſte is no whit leſſe
Oh had thy Grandſir with
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne
From forth thy reach he wo
Depoſing thee before thou
VVhich art poſſeſt now to d
Why (Coſin) were thou Re
It were a ſhame to let this
But for thy world enioying
Is it not more then ſhame, t
Landlord of England art t
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſ
And ——
Rich. And thou, a lunatic
Preſuming on an Agues pri

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA